

WOMAN AND HOME.

ELEGANT TABLEWARE.

Rare Lace Effects Shown in a Dessert Service of Venetian Glass.

It is rare indeed nowadays that one sees even the table of a poor man set with plain white ware, while the houses of the wealthy show set after set of china of such beauty and value that caretakers are put under bonds to insure its safety. The most expensive services are of Doulton, Royal Worcester, or Dresden, the latter with its tiny flowers being exceedingly popular with those who can afford it. The English Cauldon ware, though costing more than the Haviland china, is said to be better worth the difference in price, as it is claimed that it will not chip easily.

Corn sets are shown, with long, slender platters with plates to match, as are sets for serving asparagus.

Bohemian glass is used for salad bowls and finger bowls.

Speaking of glass, Queen Victoria recently had presented to her an exquisite



DESSERT DISH IN VENETIAN GLASS.

dessert service in Venetian glass, decorated in quite a new style and made especially for the queen. The service consists of two large and six smaller dishes, each shell-shaped, of pale opalescent pink color, never made before, mounted with a griffin splashed with gold, and part covered with what appears from a short distance a square of real lace of exquisite workmanship. On closer investigation, however, these covers turn out exceedingly clever imitations of lace designs, enameled by hand, and afterwards fired to render them durable. The lace design on the two large dishes consists of combination of rose, thistle and shamrock, with a butterfly hovering between the flowers. On the same dishes the griffin holds a shield on which the royal crown is enameled in color. Shape, coloring and decorative workmanship of these dessert dishes are of the utmost elegance and delicacy.

PACKING YOUR TRUNK.

Unless You Are an Expert Follow the Advice Given Below.

1. Gather from the four corners of the domicile those things which will be needed, and leave to a long rest those not needed.
2. Roll tightly all smaller undergarments, nightdresses, towels, etc., thus securing much more room.
3. Wrap each boot, slipper and shoe in a piece of tissue paper, tie mates together, and slip them into convenient crevices.
4. Put all toilet appurtenances, each separately wrapped, in a soft bag, in a corner at the top of a trunk.
5. Stuff, with tissue paper, the ribbon loops on bonnet and hat, the sleeves of dresses and toes of boots and slippers. Cover waist trimmings with the same paper.
6. Pin tapes to loops and sides of headgear, and tack those tapes to sides of hat box, thus securing hat and bonnet from being crushed or mashed.
7. Cover the contents of each trunk with a large soft cloth, and pin to the outside of this a paper containing a list of the contents of that particular trunk.
8. Lock the trunk and put the key in your purse, and your purse in the pocket of the dress you will wear while traveling.—Good Housekeeping.

Method in Her Vanity.

A well-known aesthete recently advised women never to pass a mirror without looking into it, and observant persons perceive the wisdom of this injunction. When one is shopping, for instance, full-length mirrors are frequently encountered, and a passing glance is sufficient to reveal the disordered veil or hat, the strip of braid torn from the bottom of the gown, the bow or flounce awry or any other defect in the toilet, and it is then an easy matter to remedy the shortcoming, which, neglected, would stamp one as lacking in proper regard for tidiness. Therefore, the modern woman glances into every mirror as she hurries along and takes a furtive peep now and then into the jeweled glass suspended at her belt, caring not one whit if some of her friends deem it a vanity, as long as she is thus reassured of her neat and trim appearance.

Changed by Kindness.

"We were married thirty-seven years," a man said who had lost his wife, "and in all that time she never gave me a cross word. But I shall never forget the first time I scolded her. One morning when we had been married about two years, I found a button off my shirt. I threw the garment at her and said, in a rough voice: 'Sew a button on.' She got a button and sewed it on, saying: 'Forgive me, husband, I had a great deal to do yesterday and I forgot it, but it shall never happen again.' Her gentle words almost broke my heart. I could have gone down on my knees to ask her forgiveness. She made a different man of me, and the world has been a different place since she died."

A Comparison of Energy.

The Scientific American supplement has figured that the energy exerted by a railroad train traveling seventy-five miles an hour is nearly twice that of a two thousand-pound shot fired from a one hundred-ton Armstrong gun.

Philosophy of Clothes.

White clothing is cool because it reflects the heat of the sun; black clothing is warm because it absorbs both heat and light.

TOO MUCH ORDER.

It Makes Home Life Just as Intolerable as a Lack of System.

A house in which there is no orderly routine is a very uncomfortable place, no doubt, but too much order may be equally disagreeable and wearing, the nerves of the family being rasped as were those of people who lived with B. Wilfer's wife.

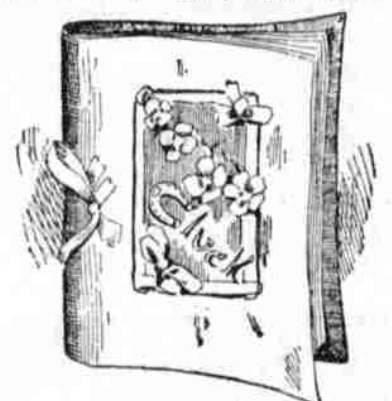
People to whom order is not the means to a desired end, but the end itself, give themselves and others a great deal of needless trouble. A chair or a book out of place distresses them. A blur on the window pane drives them to distraction, unless they can at once remove it. A meal slightly delayed beyond the appointed hour loses for them its savor.

Order is their fetish. In vain their friends beg them to be philosophical, to try elasticity as a sort of buffer against annoyances. They shake their heads wearily, and keep on fretting. And the fretting marks their foreheads and indents their lips and writes its record on their faces, while husbands and children sigh for a little cheerful happy-go-lucky disorder. The daughter of the over orderly mother is often, by the law of reaction, an absurdly unsystematic personage.—Harper's Bazar.

HOMEMADE BOOKLET.

As Pretty and Dainty as Any Purchased Article Could Be.

The little book shown in the accompanying illustration can be made at home, and will be as pretty and dainty as any purchased book could be, besides having the additional recommendation of being constructed with one's own fingers and stitches. The poem may be original or selected from Whittier or some other favorite poet, and may be written upon the type writer or written in one's own handwriting. Heavy, unruled paper, with a rough surface should be chosen for the pages. The cover is celluloid, and may be of white or some delicate tint. It is perfectly plain on the edges, and has eyelet holes at the back, which extend through all the pages within. A ribbon passed into these holes forms all the "binding" needed, and is tied in a careless bow on the front cover. A dainty Christmas or birthday card is fastened to the celluloid with tiny bows of baby ribbon at alternate corners. If one is gifted with his brush or pen, the card is doubly pretty if ornamented with an original design—a bit of landscape in sepia or water colors, or a cluster of flowers dropped upon it. In this case the greeting will be in original lettering—"Merry Christmas!" or



A PRETTY PRESENT.

"A Glad Birthday!" or the beautiful German word, "Glück," for well wishing. In the latter case, to follow out the idea and give it double significance, the capital G may be a horseshoe, and the following letters constructed of horseshoe nails, as shown in the illustration.—American Agriculturist.

The Study of Manners.

An eastern female college has introduced into its curriculum a systematic study of manners. It is to be hoped that other institutions of learning—especially public schools—will take up a like course. As a nation we are sadly deficient in this respect. In attempting to avoid elaborate and often absurd ceremonies of European polite life, we have gone to the opposite extreme, and, as a consequence, sometimes Americans of the most refined nature appear rude and uncouth. We need to know more of the conventionalities of elegant society, without going into the finical questions of etiquette that are bothersome and unimportant. Teach our young men and women the politeness that comes from a gentle heart and a delicate perception.—Womankind.

The Wee One's Thumb.

Nothing too strong can be said against permitting children to suck their thumbs. Charming and heart-delighting as this common occupation of the baby is to the average mother, nothing will more surely ruin the shape of the hands. It is the cause of broad, flat thumbs in after life. There are preparations to put upon the baby's thumbs which will render these rosy digits less palatable, and after one or two attempts baby will soon forget the injurious habit.

A Barking Dog.

Jones—Who is that big man they've just carried by on a stretcher?
Wones—Oh, that was Herr Redblood, the anarchist, who in his speech last night offered to lead the mob till the streets ran with blood to his waist.
Jones—What's the matter with him now?
Wones—A mouse ran up his trousers leg and he fainted dead away.—Cincinnati Tribune.

A Bright Girl.

Mrs. Hightone—It must be so comforting to hear such good reports from your daughter at Vassar.
Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, Emily is a bright girl and I am very proud of her; only yesterday she said in her letter that she could surely wear glasses by the end of the year.—Harper's Bazar.

A Sure Preventive.

Little Dick—Miss Mamie is awful shy, isn't she?
Little Dot—Why?
Little Dick—She has most of her clothes made just like men's, so men won't get in love with her.—Good News.

WILSON'S LONDON SPEECH.

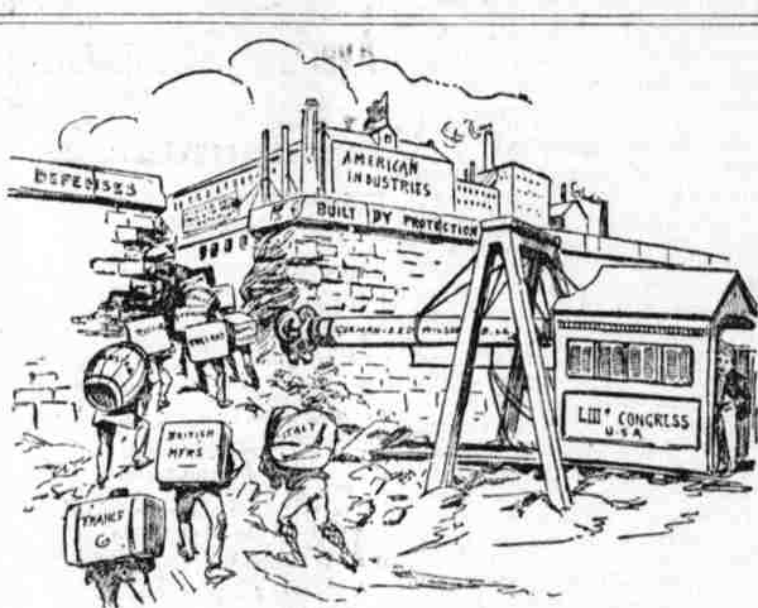
Gov. McKinley's Observations on the American Senator's Tariff Views.

The speech of Congressman Wilson at the banquet given in his honor by the London chamber of commerce and his introduction by Sir Albert Kaye Rolitt, who presided at that banquet, are the frankest expressions that have been given to the public in defense of the new tariff law. Mr. Wilson is the leader of the democratic majority in the house of representatives of the United States and he is well qualified to speak for the democratic party regarding its tariff legislation. Sir Alfred K. Rolitt was put forward to speak for the English manufacturers and traders. Mr. Wilson spoke for the intent of the law and Mr. Rolitt testified to its benefits. Mr. Wilson declared that "the tariff reformers are breaking down these defenses" that kept England from competing with us in our home market. Mr. Rolitt testified to the impetus the law had already given to English manufactures.

Gov. McKinley, in his speech at Gallopis a few days ago made most appropriate reference to this banquet when he inquired what industries had been benefited and stimulated by the tariff act of 1894, and said:

"I find answer to my question in the newspaper dispatches of to-day from London, furnishing particulars of a banquet given by the chamber of commerce of London to Mr. Wilson, member of congress from the state of West Virginia, whose rugged hillsides I see just over the river. Sir Albert Kaye Rolitt, who presided at the banquet, said that Mr. Wilson's name should become honored and familiar in England, and that London in honoring him honored itself; that the new tariff law, while it might not have realized the aspirations of its promoters, had already benefited England. Furnaces have been reopened in Wales and Yorkshire, and an impetus has been given to the textile industries.

"This will be cheering news to the people of the United States and will bring comfort to the idle men who, for more than a year, have been waiting for the American mills to reopen.



FREE-TRADER WILSON TO THE ENGLISHMEN.

"Our protectionists have been building defenses to keep you and other nations from competing with us in our home markets. The tariff reformers are breaking down these defenses."—From Congressman Wilson's speech at the banquet given him by the Chamber of Commerce of London, Sept. 27.—Chicago Tribune.

You have not heard of any commercial body in the United States, through its spokesman, declaring that any industries in America have been stimulated by this law, whatever benefits it may have brought to other countries. While the banquet at London was proceeding the board of trade of Edinburgh sent its congratulations. There was a singular absence of any American dispatches.

"Here is a word of encouragement which Mr. Wilson himself gave to the protectionists of London. He said: 'Our protectionists have been building defenses to keep you and other nations from competing with us in our home markets. The tariff reformers are breaking down these defenses.'"

"That is what we object to. If we do not defend our home markets against the products of the cheaper labor of other nations, who will? Is it any wonder that the gentlemen of the chamber of commerce of London applauded Mr. Wilson when he uttered such a sentiment?" Gov. McKinley, Congressman Wilson and Sir Alfred Kaye Rolitt all agree on one point, that the protectionists of America tried to keep the home market for Americans, that the tariff reformers are breaking down these defenses and that Europe is the country to profit by the change of policy in America. Gov. McKinley has for years claimed that this would be the result of free trade, and when the McKinley law was enacted he was the one American most hated in England, because it made more difficult the efforts of English manufacturers to secure the American market for their goods. Mr. Wilson now agrees with Gov. McKinley, and admits that the tariff reformers intend to break down all the protective defenses around the American market, a confession which democrats have not been willing to make at home. Sir Alfred Kaye Rolitt also testifies to the truth of McKinley's prophecies by admitting that "the new tariff law, while it might not have realized the aspirations of its promoters, has already benefited England."

Why should democrats at home longer deny that their party is in favor of free trade when their tariff leader boasts of this to Englishmen, and Englishmen testify to benefits they have received from the democratic legislation? As Gov. McKinley said at Findlay, the new tariff law is not the end, it is only the beginning of the democratic warfare on American industries. The leaders of that party intend to carry on the war until all the defenses have disappeared and American manufacturers and American workmen stand on the same footing with English manufacturers and English workmen. England is pleased, as she has ever been pleased when Americans or any other people submitted gracefully to English dictation. But how about Americans? Where are the American factories and American workmen who can boast with these Englishmen that they have been benefited and stimulated by the new tariff law?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Eight hundred sugar planters and others, dissatisfied with the tariff policy of the democratic party, met at New Orleans and allied themselves with the republicans.—Western Rural.

DISASTROUS AGITATION.

The Democratic Method of Regulating the Tariff.

Probably every man in the United States, whether he has business sense or not, has been impressed with the fact so strongly stated by President Cleveland and Chairman Wilson, that tariff agitation has only begun if the democratic party has its way. There is just one thing that can stop it—the complete and overwhelming defeat of that party. These predictions of its future course were not reckless or thoughtless, for they occurred in public statements of the gravest importance, nor were they in the least unnatural. The whole world knows that the democratic party solemnly pledged itself in its national platform to frame and pass a very different tariff from that which was enacted. Further, everybody knows that the democratic representatives with scarcely a dissenting voice were earnestly in favor of a radically different tariff, even down to the day when they accepted the senate bill on the ground that no other could possibly be passed. Even then, as the public record proves, the democratic representatives assented to the senate bill only on the definite pledge, which was afterward found to be a fine article of picciotto, that the supplemental or popgun bills, putting iron and coal and sugar on the free list, would also be passed in the senate.

This was the last and utmost that the house was willing to do, and it was tricked into the passage of the bill as it stands without free trade amendments. But even with those amendments the bill fell far short of the declared conviction and purpose of the democrats in the house, and of the great majority of democrats in the senate, and in both houses it was publicly declared that the fight would be opened again at the next session, to obtain further reductions or removals of duty.



ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

Joy—Don't whip me much all at once, mar, for I only took the cake a little at a time.

The Dear Creatures.

Maud—Your fiance called on me last night.
Mabel—Indeed?
Maud—Yes. Guess what he said to me!
Mabel—I haven't the least notion.
Maud—He said: "I wish that I dared to kiss you."
Mabel (confidently)—But he didn't do it.
Maud—How do you know?
Mabel (sweetly)—There are limits even to heroism.—Brooklyn Life.

Cause for Suspicion.

Uppers—Can you tell counterfeit money when you see it?
Harder—Yes.
Uppers—Just look at this bill.
Harder—Do you think there is anything wrong with it?
Uppers—I don't know; I just borrowed it from Screwabole, and he let me have it the first time I asked him.—Life.

Easily Remedied.

Bank Clerk—This check, madame, is not filled in.
Madame—Isn't what?
Bank Clerk—It is signed by your husband all right, but doesn't state how much money you want.
Madame—O, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.—Pearson's.

Not Patented.

Mrs. Slimdick—The boarders are all at the table. Where's the milk?
Cook—Here, mum; but it due look awful blue.
Mrs. Slimdick—Then hurry into the dining-room and pull down the yellow sunshades.—N. Y. Weekly.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.



Judge.

Equal to All Occasions.

Goodfello—Wasn't that Niecefello who just asked for you?
Sweet Girl—Yes; I told the maid to tell him I was not at home.
"Suppose he finds out that you are?"
"I'll tell him I thought it was you."—N. Y. Weekly.

No Trouble at All.

Jinks—Hello, Blinks! Heard you had some trouble with your landlord.
Blinks—O, no; he only said that he'd never let me leave his house until I paid my rent. I told him that if he'd only put it down in writing I'd never leave.—Town Topics.

Words of Wisdom.

"Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—"
"My son, there is no need to go in to details. When a girl means either to encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means."—Answers.

Needed Painting.

Husband—That fence wants painting badly. I think I'll do it myself.
Wife—Yes; do it yourself if you think it wants to be done badly.—Tampabay Times.

Her Best Chance.

Hojack—I don't think I ever heard anyone talk so much as Mrs. Glib did at the opera last night.
Tomdick—O, that's nothing at all. You ought to hear her at a whist party.—Town Topics.

A Reason for His Pomposity.

Smith—It seems to me that Brown is an awfully pompous man, that is, he is so stiff in his treatment of strangers.
Jones—Why, don't you know the reason is due to his business? He is a starch maker.—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Novelty.

Parke—It must be a peculiar sensation to be hypnotized.
Clarke—I understand that you feel about the same as you do when your wife makes up her mind.—Puck.

Too True, Alas!

The sweetest music is that we never hear; the prettiest women are those we never see; the best things in the world are those we never get.

Very Seldom.

Little Boy—Mamma, what is a hermit?
Mamma—A man who goes way off and lives by himself.
"Doesn't he ever have anyone to talk to?"
"No."
"I guess womans is never hermits, is they?"—Good News.

CAUGHT WHAT SHE WAS AFTER.



"Did you have any luck fishing, dear?"
"Did I? Just look at that sparkle."—Judge.

A Rare Catch.

Friend—You said you didn't love him.
Smart Girl—I don't.
"You respect him, perhaps?"
"Not particularly."
"And yet you intend to marry him?"
"I do. He told me that his mother always got her biscuits at the baker's."—N. Y. Weekly.

Another Brute.

Wife—I'd just like to know where these contemptible jokers get their ideas of mothers-in-law.
Husband—Um—I don't know. Perhaps they used to be divorce-court reporters.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Case of Dye.

Mr. Oldbeau—My hair is certainly turning gray.
Miss Travers (amiably)—Oh, no, Mr. Oldbeau. On the contrary, since I've known you I'm quite sure it's been turning black.—Chicago Record.

Explained.

"Boston men have an air of superior intelligence about them always."
"That's a matter of living rather than real knowledge. It isn't hard for a Boston man to know beans."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Bicycle Bloomers.

She looked quite neat
Sailing down the street.
But there are malicious rumors
(Over which she grieves)
That she used her old bloomers
In making her bicyclic bloomers.
—Indianapolis Journal.

A Fellow Felling.

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed the passionate editor to the mouse that was nosing about in the waste basket.
"If you find anything there you can use you're harder up than I am."—Chicago Tribune.

HEARD AT NARAGANSETT PIER.



"Why, Laura, what are you doing with an umbrella?"
"Well, it looked so much like rain, and you know what a dreadful cold I have."—Demorest's Magazine.

No Economy.

Friend—Riding a bicycle instead of a horse is a great saving, isn't it?
Wheelman—Well, I don't know. "A bicycle doesn't eat."
"No, but I eat enough to make up."—Good News.

Not the Right Man.

Redbourn—I hear that Olcott has been discharged from the police force. Do you know what for?
Chesney—Yes. Refusing to accept a bribe.—Brooklyn Life.

Chorus of Victims.

Mammoth drops of water.
Little crumbs of grease.
Make the soup for which we pay
Fifty cents apiece.
—Washington Star.